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THE

*Vol 9
Engl. Theatre vol 32*
Lady
Fashionable Lover ; K

OR

WIT in Necessity.

x
A

COMEDY.

*Deserta per arvin Dulcis,
Raptat Amor.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Bassett, at the Mitre in Fleet-
street. M D C C VI.



PROLOGUE.

IN Good old Ages past, it has been known,
When a good serious Play wou'd please the Town :
When Art and Nature minted e'ry Page,
And Wit exchange'd its Image from the Stage :
The Poets labour, then the Player grac'd,
Er'e SHAKSPEAR was with Mimmickry debas'd.
As Foreign Opera's were so much known,
And squawling Songsters so bewitch'd the Town.
But now, such Bills we must invent to please,
As Modern Quacks set forth for a Disease :
What ever's the Distemper, this I'm sure,
'Tis you are sick, but we must pay the Cure.
Nay Faith, our Modern Poets Conscience grow,
And for true Wit, prescribe you Noise and Show,
Some Home-bred Booby, or some monstrous Beau :
Nothing but what's extravagant appears,
And 'tis your Eyes, we tickle not your Ears ;
By this Encouragement our Foes prevail.
And ev'ry Canting Rogue finds Spleen to rail,
Tho' by Example once, it has been known,
The Theatre ne'er sunk but with the Crown :
Like clipping Vines, that mutual Suffrage give,
Together Die, or but together Live ;
And from each other, Nourishment receive.
So when good Plays have pow'r to bring you hither,
Flourish true Wit and Monarchy together.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

A Youth addrest Apollo once to know,
How he, inspir'd, shou'd his Muse bestow?
Shall I, says he, some Rising Fop carress,
And Fawn and Flatter; to procure a Place?
Or with some busie Faction else unite,
(Employ'd by Knaves) and for Preferment write?
Shall I, in loud Heroicks strive to rise,
By Scribling some great Heroe to the Skys?
Or piously thro' David's version Toil,
And turn a LAUREAT in old Hopkin's stile?
In Satyr shall my future Parts be shown,
To lash the Court, the Clergy and the Town?
Write pert Lampoons, at ev'ry Fools request,
And get adverb'ing for the pleasing Jest?
Or Lastly, shall I, in this harden'd Age,
Imploy my Pen to gratifie the Stage.
To which of these Great God, direct my choise?
Give thy Command, and I'll obey thy Voice.

Attentively Apollo heard him speak,
And smiling strait return'd this Answer back,

If

If, Youth, you fully are resolv'd to Write,
And will be ruin'd somehow out of spight
But that you maynt Petition me in Vain,
Let soft Dramatick Scenes imploy your Pen,
And even there, if thou thy Fame woud'st
(raise.

First make thy Int'rest, e're thou Writ'st thy
(Plays:
Thereshines the Sun, that gilds the Bards deserts!
If thou want'st Friends, 'tis certain thou want'st
(Parts.

Persons

Persons REPRESENTED.

S I R <i>Thomas Freegood</i>, an Honest Gentleman.	}	C. Griffin.
<i>Meanwell</i>, Father to <i>Jessinda</i>.	}	Mr. Keen.
<i>Peregrine</i>, in Love with <i>Jessinda</i>.	}	Mr. Toms.
<i>Farewell</i>, in Love with <i>Violetta</i>.	}	Mr. Wilkes.
<i>Wisehead</i>, Father to <i>Violetta</i>, an old Peevish Whimsical Fellow.	}	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Villmore</i>, a Villian, Nephew to Sir <i>Tho.</i>	}	Mr. Mills.
<i>Plotwell</i>, Servant to <i>Farewell</i>.	}	Mr. Penketman.
<i>Trustwell</i>, Servant to <i>Wisehead</i>.		Mr. Norris.
<i>Vintner</i>.	}	Mr. Fairbank.
Surgeon.		
<i>Larron</i>, a Frenchman.		

W O M E N.

<i>Jessinda</i>.	}	Mrs. Temple.
<i>Violetta</i>.	}	Mrs. Oldfield.

Bullies, Soldiers, Constables, &c.

ACT I.

A C T I.

SCENE, A GARDEN-WALL.

*Enter Viletta.**Vil.***F**

Arewell, Farewell,

Fare. My Dear, [*Looks over the Wall.*]*Vil.* Art thou there? — How go our Stars?*Fare.* Prosperous — my Love;*Vil.* Do they promise fair Weather?*Fare.* Fair as the Sun it self, my *Viletta*, if thou'rt still resolv'd?*Vil.* Can you suspect it, when to morrow I'me to be anothers else? — time's short, be brief if you've any thing to say —*Fare.* Only this — The Wedding holds to day, to which your Father's purposely Invited — I've broke our Story to Sir *Thomas*, who has promis'd me his generous Assistance, — as yet I'm a Stranger to some happy turn, he says will favour us extreamly — *Plottwell's* at work for us too — Some Stratagem to break the Matter calmly, in which it's contriv'd we both must act our parts.*Vil.* Would the Play were begun — for I have yet some Fears; — our last Meeting was betray'd to my

B

Father,

Father, and I doubt some unlucky hinderance from his Resentment.

Fare. There's no room for doubt—or if there be, —Love keeps it from my Breast, and will not give it Entrance.

Vil. If that wou'd do— I've Love enough to give me confidence of good Success.

Fare. Why are you sad then?

Vil. Wou'd you not be so—, were you in a Prison, and kept from me?

Fare. I'm answer'd :

Vil. Be gone,

Fare. Adieu my Dear — Remember the Sign. [Exit

Enter Wisehead, beating Trustwell in before him.

Trust. Hold, — good Sir hold — D'ye mean to Murther me?

Wise. Sirrah, I'll break ev'ry bone in your skin to make you more capable of your business — do I entrust you here with the management of my Family, the very Prop of my House, my Daughter? and you like an ungracious heedless Rogue, to let her fall into the Hands of that Reprobate Fellow, whom she seeks to throw herself away upon——

Trust. Can I help it Sir? wou'd you have me have an hundred Eyes?

Wise. Yes Sirrah, and an hundred Heads, that I might break 'em every one for your Negligence, — Have I not warn'd him from my Daughter, by all the fair and foul means possible? forbid him coming near my House? —and yet the Rogue has the Confidence——

Trust. And come he will Sir, spight of my Teeth—— my speaking signifies nothing——

Wise.

Wife. Then charge a Blunderbuss Sirrah, and give him his Answer that way; —there's no occasion to be hang'd for a Rogue that's Outlaw'd from his Estate—but I shall quickly be freed from these Fears —

Trust. I'll take what care I can next time Sir—but I'll Remember you for breaking my Head now. [*Aside.*

Enter Larroone.

Lar. Mounseur Justice — your ver Humble Servant—Mounseur; me come to honour me self vid your Commands.

Wife. 'Tis well Mounseur — I promis'd to send you to Sir Thomas Freegood's to day, to Dress the Wedding Dinner— Go—, 'tis sufficient if you say I sent you.—

Lar. Oh! you be my ver good Friend — Pray how do's my ver pretty young Mistress do—?

Wife. Very well—very well Mounseur— Impertinent Rascal.

Lar. Begar you be Master of one de greatest Jewels in de World—

Wife. Ay, what's that Mounseur?

Lar. Ah, your fair Daughter Mounseur — so sweet, so soft, so fine, so — she make a de Mouth water to look at her — But I neglect a me Business—Your most Humble Servant. [*Exit Lar.*

Wife. Ah— liquorish French Dog — does your Mouth hang that way too? — My Daughter! — D ye hear Sirrah? befare cast an Eye to her, let not that Fellow Fare well, nor any Pert-medling Fop, put his Coxcomb into my Doors to speak to her — No Humming under her Window — nor Letter privately convey'd in my Absence.

Trust. Your absence Sir! — why I suppose she thinks to go with you — she's invited too,

Wife. Why ay — now I think on't she shall go — to her Chamber, and there be Lock't up till I return.

Trust. I shou'd thank you Sir, to free me so from the Charge of her, — she's here Sir.

Wife. So, the young Baggage is drest for't I see, — but I shall bawk your Inclination, I shall so Huffy — Now Mercy on us! what a Fashion have the Women got now a-days?

[Enter Viletta.

Those single fangles there, that hang dangling at her Petticoats, like Iceickles at a Penthouse — and the Bum here the Bum — Jutts out like a Balcony from the rest of the building — S'bud I shou'd be afraid the Cook wou'd mistake me for the Kitchin shelves, and set up his Pewter round my waist — Well Daughter, are you Ready?

Vil. Ready Sir!

Wife. Ay, art thou ready to go to the Wedding?

Vil. I shou'd be very glad you wou'd be pleas'd to let it be so Sir.

Wife. Pleas'd! why I am Child, very well pleas'd — extreamly well pleas'd, that you shall — tarry at home — why I know thy Mind is not bent upon rambling Abroad; thou'dst rather stay and read some good Book in thy Chamber —

Vil. 'Tis possible that will be my Employment Sir.

Wife. VVhy ay — I knew it, there's my good Girl, go Child, go to thy Chamber, and lock thy self in from all Noise and Disturbance — or to be secure — what think'st thou *Viletta* if I take the Key in my Pocket?

Vil. I hope you'll not be my Goaler Sir.

Wife.

Wife. Thy Goaler! no, no, no, not I; go, go Child go by thy self—there's my good Girl—here—I think thou wert saying thou wanted'st some Trimming for a Petticoat—there, there Child, there's some Money; send thy Maid for't, and imploy thy time that way—and never let thy Head run on the Fellows; ---I have provided thee a Husband; and till he comes, don't blame my great Care of thee,—prithee now go—there's my good Girl—go to thy Chamber.

Vil. I Gueſs what he deſigns; — but I'll give him the ſlip if I can——— [Exit.

Wife. So, now will I after her, and Lock her in—there's nothing like being ſecure—— and d'ye hear *Sirrah*? Remember the Charge I have laid on you—

Trust. You've given me reaſon to remember it I'm ſure; *Exeunt.*

S C E N E Changes.

Enter : *Peregrine*, and *Villmore*.

Vil. Give me leave to Gueſs at your Melancholly—the Fire of Love burns not ſo ſecretly in your Breſt, but that ſome ſparks appear — I have taken Notice that ſince your Father has made you Advocate to his fair Bride, you have been Studious, and often ſought occaſion to viſit Her privately;— ſpeak if you dare *Trust* me with the Knowledge—is't not ſo? you're Grown in Love with Her your ſelf : ——

Per. I muſt confeſs the flame, tho' I ſhou'd hide it from the World —— but to you my Heart is ever open — nor only Love her but have ventur'd ſo far beyond my duty to Reveal it to her—— *Vil.*

Vil. And how did She seem to take it?

Per. When first I broke the painful secret to her; She blush'd and seem'd to want an answer——yet in her Eyes I read Her tender thoughts; some short reproofs she utter'd faintly——till Love more powerful grown;——I urg'd again——at which she sigh'd, and cry'd you speak to late——'tis duty now Commands my Heart and fills the Room of Love——nor will I own my Wishes, since I want power to grant you yours; but this Assurance take (which is all I dare grant) had Love Design'd it so at first, it had been Heaven to what I'm Destin'd now——

Vil. Did you not on this Encouragement proceed further?

Per. No——nor greater freedom took——Duty drew back our Hearts when nearer they'd have mett; and Check'd our hopeless Love.

Vil. Hopeless! Come you're unwise Cousin——young and Unthoughtful——Experience wou'd have Crown'd your Love——if she's lost, 'tis your own fault——

Per. My Virtue rather——shou'd I betray my Trust? or sting the Bosom that has warm'd me into Life?

Vil. Nay if you're so tame a Lover, I've done——I thought your Passion had produc't more fire, Worthy my Council——

Think how 'twill touch you to see her Beauty Rifled; and all her sweets (if not Enjoy'd,) forbid to you;——Nay to see her folded in his Fruitless Arms——and say you Linger out a Tedious Age of Love and wait his Death ev'n with a Patriarch's Patience——will she not come like *Autumn* to your Arms? with all her Tender sweetness Blasted in the Bloom——

Per. Oh *Jessinda*!

Vil. I Know you'll sigh; grow Melancholly——look penfive,——and who will pity you, when they know the cause? Is she not yours Link'd to your heart by Love? (a strong Tye then duty?) Think of the Joys in store:

Jessinda's

Jessinda's Charms; to have her yours; for ever yours, to
 revell uncontroul'd thro' all her sweets, and (more than
 blest,) Feast on Eternal Pleasures, —

Per. 'Tis now too Late —

Vil. Not to be advis'd — Occasion still may offer —
 what if he Threat'n you with his Displeasure; and vow to
 Disinherit you? — will she not fully Recompence it all?
 who has sufficient for you both? — besides Affection will
 Plead in your behalf, and soon restore you to his fa-
 vour — if not — but see we're Interrupted — I'll be
 brief — (if yet the time permits,) Try your success — I'll
 give you an Opportunity to talk together — and if she'll
 Condescend — (as surely if she Loves she will;) loose
 no time — resolve on't — steal her away and marry her: —

Per. Ha!

Vil. Come my Councel's worth a Fee — besides the con-
 cern I have in your Happiness — Nay I'll prove you
 ought to do't, and I to Aid you — you are his son Adop-
 ted, I his Kinsman — you he Designs his Heir, and not
 wholly to forget me — say he shou'd have Children —
 (as women their ways) — tho' he be old;

Per. Tempt me no farther — I cannot bear a thought
 against her Virtue; —

Vil. Phoo — a Trifle to the Business in hand — how-
 ever you receive it, I'll put it forward, and discover it to
 her — in the mean time 'tis fit you pay your attendance
 — and leave me a little time to Think —

Exit Peregrine.

So — this Mischief thrives apace — Love will draw
 the Boy in — I cou'd not have wish'd a better Founda-
 tion to build on — he stands between me and an Estate;
 sufficient — reason — why I seek to get him Disinherited —
 and this way seem pritty secure — I must be Busie. —

Exit.

Enter

Enter two Servants.

1st. Ser. Here bring some more Chairs to this end of the Room, and spread the Counterpane upon the end of the long Table for the Musick——our——

2d. Ser. Here's like to be fine doings ——our Master intends to keep a noble Wedding——

1st. S.——Ay, if the Humour hold here'l be sumptuous sport; we're to have an Interlude too, I'me to Act it't Man,

2d. Ay! Why what part dost thee Act *Tony*?

2d. S. I Act the Doctor—— I'me to Cure the Mad Gentleman ——od 'tis very pritty——well that Mr. *Plottwell's* an Ingenious Person :——

Musick——

Heark I believe the Brides come——Lett's away and get our new Liverys on——

Exeunt.

Musick again.

Enter Sir Thomas Freegood, Meanwell, Peregrine Leading Jessinda, Villmore, Attendance.

Sir. Tho. My Lovely Bride —— the welcom't Guest that ever blest this Roof——to all a Hearty Welcome, but to thee a Double Double Welcome; ——son *Peregrine*, I take it ill that you alone wear Mourning at my Nuptials, when all are Drest in Joy——here Entertain my
Bride

Bride, it ought to be thy duty alone—— talk freely to her, I give you Leave, thou wert my Advocate, a lucky one, which I'll reward——*Cousin* pray see that every thing be Order'd as it shou'd to day, ——I lay a mighty Charge on you——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, Here's Mounſieur *Larroone* the *French* Cook:—

Sir Tho. Let me ſee him—I'll have the City Ranſack't for Variety, and conſecrate it to the Day; *Momus* ſhall ſmile upon the full Cheek't God, and *Bacchus* preſs his Luſcious Sprouting Grapes to bleſs the Feaſt——

Enter Larroone

Welcome Mounſieur.

Larr. Your moſt ver Humble Servant Mounſieur, me Come to do you de ſmall piece a de Service——

Sir Tho. It ſhall be rewarded Mounſieur—Let your beſt ſkill be ſhewn, and all be ſumptuous as your hands can dreſs, ſerv'd up with all the Liberal coſt that may expreſs th' Hoſpitable Doner at ſuch a time as this—my ſervants have all orders to follow your Directions:—

Larr. Me tank a you Mounſieur ——me ſ'all make a you de two Tree French Diſs, de Pulpa-toone, de Frigaſie, de Gran Kickſhaw, and de Kickſhaw Royal, de Macarroone, and de two Tree Dozen ſing more for your Wedding——

Sir Tho. Take him into the Cellar firſt an let him Drink our Brides health——

Lar. Remerce Mounſieur me drink a two tree Cup a your Vine ſall make a me Luſty,——and ven me vark is done,

done, you give a me Leave to Dance two tree four Dance, and Kiss a de vench two tree four time ; Oh de Fransch man Love a de fine vench ver well, ver well Mounfieur—you be de old Gentleman and you Love a de fine young Lady—me fall make a you de dish to get fis Child :—

Sir Tho. Too many o' Conscience—

Lar. If de madam love me, me get Twenty.

Sir Tho. To your Business Mounfieur

Lar. d'at be de ver good Business, better den de vark—
Oh she is de ver pretty Lady *Exit.*

Sir Tho. Here fill me some Wine— let's Drink the Bride's health and than to Church—Come Mr. *Meanwell* to the Joy of this Days soleminty (your Daughter) but why seems she so sad ?

Mean. Only an accustom'd Modesty *Sir Thomas*, Maids Have their fears which by degrees must Leave 'em—
My wishes to your Happiness—

Sir Tho. May they be Prophetick—

Enter Wisehead.

Mr. Wisehead—a Welcome Guest—but where's your Daughter Sir ?

Wife.—O no matter, no matter— these are too Pregnant instances for young Girles *Sir Thomas* ; — their heads are apt enogh to run o'the fellows without it— and you know how I'm pester'd to keep her from that confident Fellow Farewel ; —but I think I'm wise enough for him this time—

Sir Tho. Take Care Sir— he's a bold Gamester—

Wife. Ay and a bowling Gamester too, but if his Byass hang after my Daughter, I shall cast a Rubb in his way—
Look

Look here Sir *Thomas* [pulls out a Key]
here's Care for you — here are the Wards of Obedience,
by which she turns with my hand Sir with my hand —
Oh there's more duty in this little Key Sir *Thomas*, than
in all the Grave Admonitions of a careful Parent.

Sir Tho. How! I'm sorry for this — my Bride Sir,

Wife. s'tud I forgot — Madam cut of the abundance of
my Heart I wish you Joy — od a fine young Lady — me
thinks you run a great hazard here Sir *Thomas*, —
hav'nt you Insured upon a false Bottom? — were I Mas-
ter of such a fair Vessel; I should suspect some Pyratrical
young Fop or another would clap her aboard and Rifle
her; d'ye think she Love you Sir *Thomas*? —

Sir Tho. She's Virtuous; and in that assurance I'm satisfied —

Wife. Ay; Chast as Ice I'll warrant and so may
continue for you; — you've no fire to Warm her by —
poor young Lady I pitty her too —

Jess. Alas then must we part for ever?

Per. For ever my *Jessinda* — this day parts us for ever:
no more to talk, nor ever think of Love.

Jess. — Unhappy day why had'st thou cause to come
so near my Heart? — and yet methinks what are those
powersdesign, they Whisper gentler Tideings in my Ear —

Per. Impossible; The sad decree is fix't — the Priest
and Bridegroom wait — nor must I stay to see the Kil-
ling Night —

Jess. Indeed you must — you shall — I find it in my Heart
Love will allow you some little Room there yet.

Per. O no, I must be Banish't ever from thy Breast
— we must not, dare to talk of Love, nor steal a Kiss,
lest it should set our Hearts on fire;

[*Villmore* Whispers Sir *Thomas*

Jess. Is it so hard — then sure we cannot part —

Per. 'Tis sure we must — this day for ever.

Jess. Oh ! my Heart—

Sir Tho. Is it Possible ?—

[*Aside.*

Vil. 'Tis plainly so—Observe the eager Glances that pass between 'em—the languishing Behaviour :

Sir Tho. Ungrateful Boy ! Did I for this ?—

Vil. Pray Sir—Give 'em an Opportunity—I'll be the spy and give you notice of what passed :—

Sir Tho. 'Tis well advised—I'll pretend Business and Leave them together—Come *Mr. Wisehead* let me desire your Company within a little---there's some thing of the Writings left unfinish't yet, which I would have you a Witness to---Cousin, keep our Bride Company till our Return---

[*Exeunt : Per. Jess. Going.*

Vil. Whither will you go ?---was't not my Plot to gain this Opportunity ?---be wise then and lay hold of it--I pity your Loves and will assist you---why do ye Gaze on one Another ? unless to look consent---

Per. My Jessinda--

Jess. Oh Peregrine !

Vil. What foolish scruples are ye Raising ? will ye be Wretched both ? I say resolve---two Minutes Leaves ye Hopeless-----this, and fortune, favour your Escape---at least take so much time but to consider--- ye may return---but be advis'd and do not---

Per. Alas ! Jessinda I dare not ask you to consent—

Jess. O do not—for if thou dost, I shall Comply and follow thee—

Vil. Away—you may at Leisure meditate—Fool not away the Occasion—here's the Key of the back Gate—take water presently and away to—(Whispers)—I'll follow—get a Priest and see all Dispatch't—may stay not to consult—I must have time to hinder your pursuit-----

[*Exeunt.*
—So

—So—thus far the Mischief prospers well They're here—
now Aid me Hypocrisie or al's lost —O! Sir I have
been seeking you the House thro'

Enter Sir Thomas Meanwell and Wisehead.

Sir Tho. Have you observ'd any thing ? —

Vil. I left 'em here close condoling — they're stoll'n
together somewhere — I Listned and overheard some-
thing I'll unfold Anon — I'm now upon the Hunt.

Sir Tho. Quickly find 'em out and bring 'em { *[Exit Vil.]*
hither — I'm Glad of this Discovery. } *Side.*

Pray Mr. Meanwell before I proceed further, resolve me
have you ever observ'd any thing more tender than the
Business of an advocate, between my Son, and your
Daughter ?

Mean. I must confess Sir Thomas; I've always observ'd
a kind of willing duty in her — a forward Inclination
to meet his Business — sometimes a sigh at parting or
so — I took it all as her obedience — and ne're Enquir'd
farther : —

Sir Tho. 'Tis well — I had a reason to ask —

Enter Villmore Hastily.

How now — where are they ?

Vil. Vanish't Sir — not to be found — they're doubt-
less run away together; the water Gate is fast Lockt
and the Key without — you were Scrupulous Sir and
would not Credit me —

Mean:

Mean. How ! stol'n away together—what Plot is this !
I hope you Mean no foul Play Sir *Thomas*.

Sir Tho. O vile Perfidious Boy ! has he serv'd me
thus ? run fly, evry way to find 'em.

Wife. Ay ; here's a Rare Type of obedience for you
from a Son—

Sir Tho. No son of mine, but the most monstrous of base
Ingratitude —I found him in the fields an infant al-
most starv'd and bred him up it seems for this :—

Mean. How ! Then my Child's undoe— pursue the
Villain— if the Extremity of Law can do't I'll hang
him for't ;

Vil. I shou'd be glad of that— [*Aside.*

Mean. Is this fair Sir *Thomas* to undoe a poor old
Man ?— the Law shall Right me—

Sir Tho. D'ye Threaten me Sir ? yet tho' my own wrongs
are beynd Reparation) (for once I give you priviledge :

Mean. If I can prove your least Knowledge of it—your
Estate or mine shall Crack for't Sir.—

[*Exit.*

Vil. This half compleats my design—
Sir Tho. He's gone—and now I'll tell the Gentlemen
know then I never did design her for my self—

Vil. Ha !

Sir Tho. I knew the boy Lov'd her—and meant he
only shou'd enjoy her—my pretence of Marriage was
only to work the Greater fortune out of her covetous
Father—and to Innuentate into a perfect knowledge of
his true Estate—and tho' my design be Counterplotted
thus, I'll keep him undeceiv'd a while, twill work him
the Easier to a Compliance—In the mean time Cousin
make it your Business to find 'em out—and bring 'em
home again—but coupled—

[*Exit.*

Vil. Ha ! Curse on the Charm that Witches you to Love him—my Hopeful project defeated thus

Sir Tho. Come Mr. Wisehead—I shall require a little of your assistance—[*Aside.*

Wife. I attend you Sir Thomas : --- a very odd turn this.

Exeunt Sir Thomas and Wisehead.

Vil. Bring 'em home ; but Coupled-----Curse on the Employment—Yet 'tis well you tell me your intent—It lays the foundation of a subtler mischief---My Brain must Work

*Since an unlook't for turn has foil'd my wit,
Some more successful Villainy must Hit.*

[*Exit.*

[16]

ACT II.

SCENE Changes—

Enter Trustwell and Viletta—Trustwell a Patch on his Forehead.

Vil. **G**ood Honey, *Trustwell—*

Trust. 'Slid Madam, wou'd you have me Murther'd for you? you see how I've been us'd already upon your account—

Vil. But for this once *Trustwell—*

Trust. Why if may Master shou'd know it I shall be hang'd for't.

Vil. He shan't know it—Come you us'd to be good natur'd — wink at it this time and I'll speak a good word to my Cousin *Billairia's* maid for thee—

Trust. Ay; you have such ways to Wheedle one.

Enter Plotwell.

Vil. He here; I fear he'll spoil all against—

Plot. Brother *Trustwell* your most humble servant—yours Madam Low as the Center—well and, and, and, how is't dear *Trustwell* ha? how Rubs the World? you and I, I think have not taken a bottle together a great While—

[*Trustwell Gazes very attentively on him.*

Trust

Trust. I think so too truly—— nor I don't know when we did.

Plot. Well, are you ready? are you ready Madam?

Vil. No *Plotwell*; I can't go:—

Plot. How! not go Madam? not go?—— I hope you're but in jest—— why I'm undone else——quite non-plus'd——if I want your Ladyships presence to support my wit a little——alas Madam, for pitty shew not so manifest a Disencouragement to my first Essay---can so much beauty be my Foe?

Vil. No; *Trustwell* is too much mine---

Plot. How Madam! Mr. *Trustwell* your Enemy? who! Mr. *Trustwell* here? he your Enemy? Gad I dare be hang'd then Dye here Mr. *Trustwell* what your Lady say's! No, no, Madam I'm sorry you conceive so slightly of Mr. *Trustwell*'s breeding, to Charge him with the least Trespas on good Manners against your Ladyship's Beauty and Goodness——ha *Trustwell*——

Vil. Well; if we were not an unfortunate Couple indeed, I shou'd have great hopes in his impudence---- but much depends upon his Managment of *Trustwell*----

[*Aside.*

Plot. you her foe---- ah---- I rather think you're a Dog in your heart, you winning subtle Rogue you----

[*Pats him on the Cheeks.*

Trust. You are pleas'd to be very familiar with me Mr. *Plotwell*--shou'd I be as free with you now, wou'd not you take it ill?

Plot. Take it ill!----no, no, I find you don't know me ---my friendship is more valuable for you than so *Trustwell*.

Trust. Shall I desire you to walk out of my Masters house then Sir?---

Plot. Why Look you there---did not I tell you——you had a Mind to try me—— but my esteem for you is greater than you cou'd imagine, I find——

D

Trust.

Trust. Your Confidence is Indeed —

Plot. But come Madam D'ye design to go in those Cloaths?

Trust. Go whither Sir?

Plot. Whither! Why what a stranger you pretend to be — come come dear Madam —

Vil. If you can perswade *Trustwell* to be so much yours and your Masters Friend —

Plot. Perswade him Madam! Why is Mr. *Trustwell* averse to your Ladships going then? bless me; cou'd I have us'd all this Familiartly if I'd known that? I'll vow to gad Madam my Master bid me give his humble Service to Dear *Trustwell* and desire him to come with you — nay to confirm it he sent these five pieces by me to Witness it — and said Mr. *Trustwell* wou'd know the token! — giving 'em me with these words — well says he — I shall never be able to make that honest young-fellow amends for his Love to me; in the mean time give him these five pieces — which I'll be sworn came as freely from his heart, as they do now from mine — that is — you shou'd have been hang'd before you'd finger'd 'em if I cou'd have brought our design about any other way.

Trust. Hah — these five Guineas laid to my broken head may chance to cure it --- I've liv'd with my Master a lmost twice seven years, and han't sav'd so much — but what am I to do with this money Mr. *Plotwell*?

Plot. Do with it! why put it in your Pocket — and all little enough for the Affront I've offer'd you; — if my Master will have his Joak's let him pay for 'em — but faith I really believ'd him — for I've often heard him say you were a pritty Ingenious person; — and that 'twas pittty you shou'd live with an old covetous fellow that wou'd not Esteem you according to your abilities — nay Madam, I believe you have often heard
My

my Master comend him for a very obliging honest young Gentleman, second me dear Madam.

[*Aside to her.*

Vil. Ay, ay, but he'll not believe it: Nay I have heard him say, if he came to his Estate and married me, he wou'd—settle an annuity on him.

Trust. Did he so,

[*Aside.*

Plot. Well Madam I'll return and give my Master an account that I deliver'd his token—but it do's not rest in Mr. *Trustwell* power to serve him at this time.

Enter Farewell.

Trust. Hold Mr. *Plotwell* I wou'd—

Plotw. But see—my Master's here himself.

Farew. My Viletta—

Vil. Farewell—why did you venture thus.

Farew. Love and Impatience put me on the Rack—a thousand fears, and killing one's, hung on your delay,

[*Here Plotwell engages Trust and seems very busy in laying the law down to him— who seems well pleas'd ---till at length they embrace and Trust. go's out.*

Vil. Take care you dont give me reason to Imagine you either distrust my love or on any account exact it.

Farew. I wou'd tear such a thought from my heart, but I may be pardon'd to suspect my own good fortune.

Plotw. Sir.—

Farew. — So *Plotwell*—how stands he?

Plotw. Stand Sir—why he stands like a small Courtier just shuff'd into Business, so very diligent you're like to have more of his service than is necessary, he's as suppliant as a Town whore to anew keeper, or a Country Squire to a great Man when he waits for preferment—

I have undertaken to perswade him That you're going to be made governour of some great place abroad, and that you design to recomend him for Chief Gentleman and Cloak Bearer to the *Caliph of Arabia*—

Farew. And where is he gone now?

Plotw. Faith for a Bottle to regail me for the good news: In the mean time Madam 'twill be necessary to our undertaking that your Ladiship will condescend to transform your dress a little.

Vil. I apprehend you.

Plotw. Your servant Madam we'll attend your coming.

[Exit Vil.]

Farew. Then we may rely upon this Fellow *Plotwell*,

Plotw. As punctually Sir, as a mistress when you've once enjoy'd her, or a Dun when he hear's you've had a good Night at play---but Mum Sir, he's here — ah dear *Trustwell* this is too much.

Plot. Sir,

{ *Enter Trust. with Bottle and Glass.*
as shewing *Trust.* to his Master.

Farew. Mr. *Trustwell* your humble servant, I hope I shall be able to express my self greatly for these Obligation.

Trustw. Ah dear Sir wou'd it were in my power to serve you --- I'm asham'd to think you shou'd design so many Favours to so unworthy a person as my self.

Plotw. His modesty——Sir—Tis a virtue in the most Ingenious to Conceal their parts.

Trustw. Sir, if, I may be so bold to Drink your health.

[Drinks to Plotwell.]

Farew. Thank thee honest *Trustwell*.

[Takes the Glass and Drinks.]

Plotw.

Plotw. Won't you be pleas'd to return the health Sir?

Farew. Yes give it me, here honest *Trustwell* health, Drinks.

Trustw. Ah dear Sir?

Farew. How now, what noise is that.

Trustw. Hay --- Mercy and the Law, Sir 'tis my Master's Voice, we're all undone----

Farew. Undone! a Plague o' your News,---Hark you can't we get thro' the Parlour Casement, into the Garden, what the Devil has sent him again?

Trustw. O, no Sir, there's Iron-Bars there---but if you cou'd run up three Pair of stairs, you may leap out of the Window very easily.

Fare. I humbly thank you Sir—

Plotw. No, no Sir, we won't put our selves to that trouble, do you abscond *Trustwell*, and leave us we'll dowell enough—away— [Exit *Trustwell*.

Fare. Do well enough! S'death which way?

Plotw. I'll warrant you Sir— take my advice he's here.

Enter Wisehead.

{ *Plotwell Whispers*
his Master.

Wise. Where are all these People— Hay, { *Starts.*
Thunder and Lightning— who have we here { *Looks about.*
sure I have mistaken my own House--let me see---why ay—
I think I should know this Furniture — I'm amaz'd.

Fare. I have it—Sir your most { *Goes to Wisehead and*
humble Servant, { *bows very familiarly.*

Wise. Rogue — now shall I knock his Brains out, or receive him according to the Mode, speak him fair, tho' I wish him at the Devil—[*Turns the great end of his Stick.*
Oh, dear Sir, no Ceremony I beseech you.

Fare. Your Servant—you see Sir I made bold in your Absence. *Wise,*

Wife Bold Sir! — why you're welcome, alas aday bold in a Friends House — I protest Sir your visit is so Civil and Obliging, that, that, that, as I hope to be sav'd, I don't know what to say to it — I never was so astonish'd in my Life!

Plotw. Your humble Servant Sir—

[*Plotwell puts himself forward, and Bows to Wisehead.*]

Wife. Oh your Servant Sir, your Servant— and now pray Gentlemen let me know how I can oblige you — my Daughter, — have you seen my Daughter Gentlemen? I presume that might contain a part of your present Visit.

Fare. No Faith Sir, I heard she was abroad,

Wife. How unlucky was that now! — but no doubt Sir she'll return, if you'd do me the Honour to stay a little.

Fare. At this time I beg your Pardon Sir— having engag'd my self to Dine at the Blue Posts with some Friends.

Wife. Why Sir, you might be so kind to take a small Dinner with me — at the Blue Posts. [*Aside.*]

Fare. I shall rely on your goodness Sir to excuse me that I cannot do my self so great an Honour, I have Company stays for me there—

Wife. Oh the Honour wou'd be infinitely mine Sir— at the Blue Posts, let me remember that.

[*Aside.*]

Fare. Your most humble Servant. [*Exit Fare. Plotw.*]

Wife. Your most humble Servant Sir — I protest I am very sorry that I can't oblige you to stay.

[*Looks after him, and stands silent awhile.*]

A very pretty Fellow: at the Blue Posts, well if I can recover my self out of this surprize, I will go immediately to Council; Double-head, and I will know whither craftily

craftily Entering a Man's House, with a design to steal his Daughter, will not bear a good Action, if so, then will I take a couple of Bailiffs and a Writ, and apprehend him at the Blue-Posts. — I'll try if there be no Law as strong as his Impudence. [Exit.

SCENE Changes;

ATAVERN. [Noise within.

Enter Rhenish. [Drawer Runs Cross.

Here, who speaks there? Be nimble Rascals, or I'll oyl your Joynts with a Dog-whip.

Enter Drawer.

Now Sir, what say you?

Draw. The Reckoning in the Feathers Sir;

[gives him Money.

Rhen. Who was there?

Draw. Madam, Flyer and Jenny Vanton with the two Suffolk Attorneys that us'd to meet 'em here.

Rhen. Sixteen Shillings — 'tis well — those are good Girls, and ply my House diligently — [Knocking within.

Who is that Knocks so in the Maiden-head? fly Sirrah.

Draw. 'Tis Colonel Dangerous Sir, with the Lady that comes always in Disguise.

Rhen. That

Rhen. That must be some Citizens Wife, by her chusing
such a strong back'd Fellow.—— What have they had?

Draw. Nothing but one Pint of Hock, and two Plates of
Olives.

Rhen. Score 'em for a Cool-Tankard——

Draw. Why, they've had none Sir——

Rhen. Why what then you Dog —— must I always go
by that Rule—— d'you know Sirrah, that I intend to give
over my Trade, and keep my Coach —— I must have better
Customers. [Bell Rings.

Here speak in the Phenix.

Enter Peregrine and Jessinda.

Per. My Cousin stays

Jeff. Wou'd we were out of this House--methinks don't
like it

Per. No nor I, my Dear,——but bear with the Necessi-
ty for once that brings you here —— I fear 'tis a Brothel
he has sent us to, he's noted for one that surfeits in the
pleasing Sin. [Aside.

Enter Villmore.

Dear Cousin—— welcome to my wishes —— ease me quickly
how go Matters?

Vill. All's calm and fair—— I must confess, her Father
storms, and threatens Death, if't be within the compass of
Law. But the old Gentlemen seems to forgive you;
only says he will dispose of his Estate some other way,
but time will dispute that —— Thus far my Love has
gone to serve you, and still consists in my Advice to con-
summate your Happiness—— You'll find Delights in Love
will sweeten the Restraint —— Go into the Country a
while

while, remote enough, but where you may receive weekly Intelligence and means from me, which I'll supply you with for your Expence — as things grow ripe I can inform you, and as't has been, it still shall be my Care to do you Service.

Pere. We were Ungrateful to deny it — But since it seems so difficult —

Vill. It is not difficult — most things seems so at first — strike into some safe Harbour, till the storm is o'er; I dare engage my Life, a prosp'rous Voyage in the end — 'less you stand here untill you lose your Tide — and dash upon some Sand.

Pere. 'Tis to avoid that Storm, we have resolv'd upon returning, and by a due Submission labour a consent.

Vill. Ha! return to labour a Consent — 'twill soon be had if I prevent it not — what cursed Chance defeats my Plots — 'Tis true, you may succeed that way — but have you consider'd the Danger of it?

Per. We have vow'd never to Marry till it be obtain'd.

Vill. Right, that jumps with my Advice — but by returning you send a Blank to make their own Conditions — I wou'd have a Reconciliation practis'd in your Absence — they will sooner grant what is out of their Power to hinder, than voluntarily resign the least they are posses'd of.

Pere. For that Reason she shall be made your Care till I return.

Vill. Mine! By no means, that were to charge me with suspicion, and rob me of the Power to serve you further — stay — I'll think some other way [Noise within. What Noise is that? — Perhaps some that pursue you, — step into the inner Room — leave me to stem

the Tyde — I'll think of something.

[Exeunt Per. Jeff.

[Rhenish Peeping.

Rhen. So, so, this is right Gentlemen, one for another — yet she does not look like Meat of Mr. *Villmore's* leaving — I have seldom known him turn over any Flesh to another, that has not been sufficiently tainted.

Vill. This Accident (whate'er it be) has given me time to think — Return! — that thought makes me Desperate. — Hark you *Rhenish* — can you be Trusty in a Business of Concern?

Rhen. Can I Sir! fear it not — here are some honest Friends of yours below, if need be, — some Ladies of Mettle, those that owe you Obligations Sir —

Vill. Will they Attempt?

Rhen. Any thing for you Sir, — tho' it were to Cut a Throat.

Vill. Speak within hearing — go send 'em up, and be secret, as thou expect'st to Thrive by the costly Sins of Wenching.

Rhen. I have known you Mr. *Villmore*, a bird of Flesh these many years, and if I should not respect an old standard.

Vill. Away then —

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

ACT III.

SCENE Changes to the Street.

Enter Farewell, Viletta and Plotwell. { Viletta in her Hood and Scarf.

Fare. MY Dear *Viletta* — this was an unlook'd for Opportunity.

Vil. We're indebted to *Plotwell's* Ingenuity for't — he has done you Service.

Plot. Why Faith Madam, my Wit is generally like that of a great States-man, spent in Service of my Master, as his is of his Prince.

Fare. Now I forgive fortune what is past.

Plot. Hark you Sir — that you may put it out of her Power for the future, will you be pleas'd to loose no time.

Fare. Come my Dear, where's honest *Trustwell*?

Vil. He's packing up all to follow us.

Fare. 'Sdeath *Plotwell*, is not that the Old Gentleman comes yonder?

Plot. Where, where, Sir?

Vil. O my Life! 'tis he, and I fear he sees us.

Fare. What shall we do now *Plotwell*?

Plot. Step into that Tavern Sir — I'll stay and observe whether he Dogs you or no, and whip before him and give you an Account — away.

[Exit Farewell and Viletta.]

This was Unlucky, — but I must manage him.

[Plotwell stands aside.]

Enter Wisehead.

Wise. Hah — is not that the Rogue Farewell and my Daughter gone into yon Tavern? I shou'd swear it if I had not the Key in my Pocket—but I'll follow and be satisfied—they may have plaid me some Trick. [Exit.]

Plot. Will you so? — I'm a little at a stand, if they're deny'd; 'twill strengthen his suspicion so, he'll immediately go Home and discover all—I have it. [Exit.]

S C E N E the Tavern again.

A Noise of Fighting.

Enter Villmore.

Vill. So, my wishes issue in all things yet, sure he's fall'n by this time, unless his skin be proof against their points, if one of them shou'd Drop—the rest I'll suborn to make his Life the Laws——thus in Mischief, one device begets another.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Oh! Sir your assistance, we shall have Murther done else—the Young Gentleman Sir. [Exit.]

Vill. I hope so, if my Plot succeeds—now Hypocrisie assist me—my absence will be suspected else. ——— [Exit.]

Enter

Enter two Bullies Engaging Peregrine, a third Bully pulling in Jessinda.

Pere. Villains, what means this Riot?

Jess. Help help,---will no body help?

3d Bully. Come, Come, Madam, you are Company for us.

Jess. You are mistaken Sir, I'm not skill'd in the Art of Prostitution.

3d Bully. You shall be instructed Lady.

Enter Farewell and Viletta.

Fare. Ha! the odds: Villain unhand the Lady.

3d Bully. With all my Heart Sir -- I'll shift for one, I don't like this Business. [Exit.]

Jess. O! Sir as you're a Gentleman bestow your Assistance.

Fare. Peregrine! [joyns with Peregrine.]

Vil. Bless me, wou'd I were safe at home again, Jessinda!

Jess. My Dear Viletta--- now I revive a little--- how are we met together here?

1st Bully. Hold Sir--- I am wounded.

2d Bully. Good Sir Hold, we do acknowledge an Error --- and for satisfaction ask your Pardon.

1st Bully. Take it Sir. [*Peregrine Disarms the 1st Bully.*]

Plot. Thy life, 'tis too poor a Satisfaction.

Enter Villmore and Rhenish—

Vill. How now ; what means this ? [Draws.]

2d. Bully We've ask't your pardon Sir — and that's sufficient for a Gentleman—

Vill. Mischief on there baseness—how are they declin'd from men ? [Aside.]

Rhen. Good Sir be pacified—

Pere. If your House be priviledg'd for such abuses Sir—
It must be inform'd of—that the Law may punish it
but

but for these shadows ——— these Mockshapes of Valour——

1st. Bully 'Tis not gen'rous to Tyranize ; we may Revenge it Sir :

Per. Ye properties of Men made up of Rags and out-sides only—— begone lest ye urge me to more Impatience.

1st. Bull. We'll think upon your words Sir. [Exit.

2d. Bull. Here take my scabbord too——my Belt I'll Pawn for a scarf to hang my arm in that my not wearing a sword may have a Pretence——

[Exit.
Jess. How Lovely shews this Valour —— O ! *Violetta* that in Men there shou'd be so much Difference :

Farew. What meant all this ?

Pere. As strange to me as the accident that brought you so luckily hither——

Farew. Mine was Chance all — I cou'd not Dream of you here —— *Jessinda* too ! My wonder then grows less—— Pardon my surprize Madam that made me negligent before——

[He addresses to *Jess.* *Pere.* to *Violetta.*

Vill. Curse on th' accident —— I thought one Desp'rate thrust had made all safe——and cut of further Labour to contrive it——on I must——nor will less than his ruin serve——

[Aside.

Pere. You are thoughtful Couzen——

Vill. I was contriving Mischief——

Pere. Mischief ! against whom ?

Vill. I shall betray my self.

[Aside.

A merry harmless mischief ——'was a pritty design upon those Bullies : ——

Per. They're not worth your thought——I begin weighing the Circumstance, to be suspicious of his friendship ——this House he sent us to ; and these, perhaps some of his Lewd acquaintance. [Aside.

Still musing Couzen —— methought your merry mischief promis'd more Lightfomness—— *Vill.*

Vill. I cannot yet fancy a Good conclusion—the beginning is pretty—how apt is Guilt to be it's own discoverer?—are you resolv'd on your return? [*Aside.* Or will you Practice as I advis'd?—

Pere. Doe's that concern your Plot?

Vill. I mind no Plots my mind is only busie on your safety—

Pere. Safety! Which way mean you? —

Vill. Pray wrest it not—suppose they should in revenge way lay you—they are Mischievous tho' they have souls incapable of brave things—and if you shou'd miscarry—

Per. No matter—there were an end of one—but why shou'd you be concern'd for that? since on my Death depends the assurance of an Estate to you—

Vill. D'ye suspect my Friendship then? but I've deserv'd it, and henceforth I desist—I'm sorry my Designs have been so fruitless one I had contriv'd to Crown it with success—you might have us'd my Love to better end—Farewell.—

Jess. Stay Sir—for my sake, don't leave us in this maze of confusion— Come he shall be govern'd by you—

Vill. When once suspected how shall I presume that my advie well er'e be well Received?

Per. I hope he is not Guilty, to Catch at the un- [*Aside.* certain meaning of my Words, Cousin, I never brought my Doubts to any positive conclusion—If I have Err'd, I'm sorry—

Jess. Come Sir—you have hither to been Generous in your assistance continue it in your forgiveness: —

Vill. Might I be sure no Misconstruction wou'd be given

Jess. There shall not—

Per. I am not capable of a new doubt — go on —

Vill. Then thus it is—I have a little country House near Brentford—there I wou'd have you go till time has smooth'd

smooth'd the way for your return—nor think I have
finister ends but fair as ever perfect Friendship Practis'd —
Se—at Least I shall gain time to think—my sudden pro-
ject wants a Right Foundation—

[*Aside.*

Enter Plotwell.

Farew. How now *Plotwell*, what's become of the Old Gen-
tleman.

Plot. Become of him! —Why he's at my heels—at
my heels Sir

Farew. Ha!

Kill. Bless me?

Plot. Chuse how the Devil it was he got a glimpse
of your coming in here—and is by this time below to
Inquire for you—I had just time to get before him:—

Fare. Have you left orders to deny us?

Plot. No Sir, I have left orders to send him up—

Fare. How S'Death! you Dog I'll cut your Throat —

Plot. That you may do if you please Sir—but by my
Soul he shall see you—see you and speak to you, and
may be know you to; but you shan't know him—I
find you're a little shallow in this matter Sir—but Lovers
are excuseable—I'll make you sensible of your Error
anon Sir--In the mean time clap this small patch upon
your Lip and blench a little with one Eye so, let me
see—I think Madam he'll hardly know you if he see's you

Fare. *Rhenish*—be you Trusty; d'ye hear?

Rhen. I'll warrant you Sir—can I assist any thing
Mr. *Plotwell*?

Plot. Your Apron— — Your Apron — I must
transform a little — So— Your Hat and Wigg —
Gentlemen and Ladies [*Change Hat and Wiggs* —
pardon my freedom --I must get you to walk into the next
Room--away--he's here--so stand you a one side [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Wisehead.

Welcome Sir—very Welcome Sir—kindly Welcome Sir—shew into the best Room of the House here—where are ye all? — Welcome Sir—

Wife. What a D—l does the fellow make such a noise for? are you Master of the House pray Sir?

Plot. The poor owner of some goods and Chattles Sir—Moveables and Immoveables—with a small stock to drive a Trade—does any Company stay for you Sir?

Wife. Yes Sir—I wou'd speak with the Gentleman in Blue that came in just now, with the young Lady—

Plot. You shall Sir—I'll call the Captain to you presently.

[Exit.

Wife. Captain! Why may be the Rogue passes for a Captain here—Tis a title Distinguishable from honour now a days, and given to half the scoundrels in Town.

Re-enter Plot. with Farewell.

Plot. Captain here's a reverend old Gentleman desires to kiss your hand—Is't your Father Captain?

Fare. My Father! Pardon me—I don't know the Gentleman

Wife. No Sir--will you be pleas'd to give me leave to know you then? Is not your name Farewell.

Plot. Farewell Sir! why you did not ask for Mr. Farewell—I know the Gentleman very well—Sir

Wife. It may be so Sir—and if I may venture to call my Eyes my own—I think that's the same Person:—

Plot. A pleasant mistake Indeed—I must confess the Captain is a little Like Mr. Farewell.

Wife. As like I think as the Lady is to a certain Daughter of mine,

Plot. How Sir! Your Daughters? ha ha, ha—Alas Sir you're over head and Ears in a mistake here. The Lady

quotha why Sir, that Lady was my Niece *Clareta*--- the *Captain* do's me the honour to Court her--- here *Iasper* [*To Rhenish*]
prithce satisfie this old Gentleman what your Master's name is?

Rhen. my Master's name? Why my Master name is Smart Sir.

Wife. How Smart?

Rhen. Ay, Smart Sir.

Wife. I may be Mistaken indeed---and now I think on't, my Daughter was not in that dress to day [*Aside.*]

Plot. If you please Sir you shall see my Niece too to convince you.

Wife. No no, I ask the *Captains* pardon heartily---

Fare. Oh Sir you have it

Wife. Od, I'm half asham'd---I don't know what to say--- shall we take a Bottle *Captain*?

Fare. Withal my heart Sir---here some Wine---

Plot. Ye shall have it Sir?

[*Exit. Plot.*]

Fare. Will you sit Sir?

[*They Sit*]

Wife. Here---If you please *Captain*--- I'm sorry faith Sir I shou'd Mistake you for such a Rakehelly fellow too:

Fare. Farewell? --I have have heard of him:

Wife. Oh a Damn'd Scoundrel-- a Damn'd Scoundrel---

Enter Plotwell with Wine.

Here fill me a Glass--- Come *Captain* my Humble Service to you---Here's Success to your undertakings with that young Gentlewoman.

Fare. Your Servant Sir---Come Sir ---to your Daughter's Health ---a Bumper since you say she's like my Mistress:

Wife. Gad as like as two Peas *Captain*---Come Master let's have a Little of your Company [*To Plot.*]

Plot. You're pleased to lay your Commands on me---here Sir to your fair Daughters Health. [*Plot sits down.*]

Wife. Give it me---fill it up---I'll put the *Captain's* Mistress

trefs and my Daughter both in a Glass———[Drinks.
but as I was saying Captain--you must know this same Fare-
well, who I was so unhappy to mistake you for; is one
that makes his pretensions to my Daughter--I have won-
der'd at the poor silly fellow a thousand times--and warn'd
him as often from my House--nay I have told him that pos-
terity shou'd Rott, ere I'd give her to such a Reprobate as
he--that I wou'd sooner marry her to such own Butler--
or follow her to her grave--and notwithstanding all this,
the wicked fellow won't be said.--

Fare. But still persists in his Design, does he?

Wife. Persist!—Ay hang him, he has the Impudence
of the Devil.

Plot. Hum!

Fare. My Humble Service to you Sir—— [Drinks.

Wife. Here Master to you—[Drinks]——you know this
same Farewell?

Plot. Yes, yes Sir, I have some small acquaintance with
him, he is as you say Sir, a little Lewd and Extravagant
——I have told him of his Faults an hundred times.

Fare. Rascal——

[Aside.

Wife. And I'll warrant he runs deeply in arrears with you?

Plot. Why truly I think he owes me the best part of for-
ty Pounds at this time——some of which has stood near
these seven Years.

Wife. Look you there now.

Plot. Captain my humble Service to you. [Drinks.
he has a very pretty young Gentleman that does him the
Honour to wait on him, one Mr. Plotwell——'tis for his
sake indeed, I do much.

Wife. Oh hang him—hang him —— as Impudent a Dog
as his Master.

Plot. I knew him once Sir a pretty Sober, Diligent, Dis-
creet, Obliging, Modest young Fellow, before he came
into his Service—but such a Master may spoil any thing.

Fare. Son of a Whore.

[*Aside.*

Plot. I know that Rascal — he was born in a little Cott. upon my Estate—his Father was a blind Fidler, that went his Circult thro' the Country — and in his Progress once Entail'd him upon a Gentleman's Family — where for several Misdemeanours being whipt and turn'd out — I took him into my Service, in which he was the most VVicked, Negligent, Impudent, Lewd, Lying Rogue that ever Man was troubled with.

Plot. Gad you're even with me Sir.

[*Aside, to Fare.*

Wife. You've hit him Captain---- that cunning Rogue is his Masters Setting-Dog----and this day they had laid their Design to catch my Daughter, as she flew abroad, but just when she was ready to take wing, and the Rogues were in the height of Expectation to seize their Game, I unthought me of a stratagem — and lockt her up a Gad, lock her up.

Fare. Very Prudently and Politickly acted---I'll assure you.

Wife. Ay, ay, was'nt it Captain, was'nt it---

Fare. Come, we'll drink the poor Unfortunate Gentleman's Health for once:

Wife. Ay, with all my Heart Faith, poor silly Dog, I can't do less then drink his Health for making such a Fool of him---but to night I expect a Gentleman who shall whip her into the Country, as soon as ever he comes---where she shall never see the Dog's Face more.

Fare. Say you so?

Enter three Bullies.

[*Speak as they Enter.*

1st Bully. Damme, I'll not put it up.

2^d Bully. Nor I, tho' we were surpriz'd with odds before.

Fare. Have you business with any here, Gentlemen?

1st Bully. I don't use to answer ev'ry impertinent Question Sir.

Fare.

Fare. Look you—— I see your Design, Gentlemen——
but be advis'd by me, and walk off as ye are.

1st Bully. Damme—— I value no Mans Advice—— I'll have Satisfaction.

Wise. Satisfaction Sirrah!

1st Bully. Ay Satisfaction——old Bumpkin,

[pushes the Table down.]

Wise. Bumpkin! Ye're a Son of a VVhore you Dog——
Captain I'll stand by you Captain, I'm as mellow as a Chesnut.

1st Bully. I've been Affronted, and my Honour won't let me put it up.

Fare. Your Honour Scoundrell! — Hark you — take my advice, and walk quietly down the same way you came — or I'll make such Rogues of ye——

1st Bully. Nay then——

[All Draw.]

Wise. Let's pepper 'em Captain —— these are some of that Scoundrel Farewell's Acquaintance——

[They Drive the Bullies off.]

Enter Villmore and Peregrine.

Vill. How now, what Noise was that?

Plot. Your Assistance would do well Gentlemen, my Master's set upon——

Per. Ha! set on, by whom?

Vill. I guess by the same Bravo's—— Pray retire —— 'twill not be necessary for you to appear.

Re-enter Farewell and Wisehead.

Wise. Bumpkin! but I think we've paid 'em off—— Dear Captain let me Embrace you——
How! Mr. Bridegroom!

*{ Wisehead to
Peregrine.*

Vill. 'Sdeath, then all's ruin'd again —— hear him attentively, and then your Ear.

[To Peregrine a part.]

Plot. Hark

Plot. Hark the *Captain Smart*--- [*Wife talk to Peregrine.*
will you and *Madam Claret* provide for your safety, now
the Coast is Clear? —I'll stay here to Watch proceed-
ings and as they go—be ready to inform you: —

Fare. Well urg'd —I'm gone: [*Exit Fair and Rhem.*

Pere. You strangely Surprise me Sir.

Vill. 'Tis true Cousin—what that Gentleman tells you
—tho' my Person came before you Sir —you were
the first deliverer of this Joy --which I conceal'd for rea-
sons--but desire I now may finish all in private--Cousin
I know you wonder at the Strangeness of all this, for which
take this Brief Satisfaction--You are betray'd — } *Apart to*
this Gentleman and my self had the Instruct- } *Peregrine.*
ion —al's nothing but a Plot to win you Back;

Per. Why then shou'd you (pretending Friendship) hide it?

Vill. You still are doubtfull—'Twas my prevention---
had I reveal'd the Circumstance —the promis'd pardon
---and the smooth traps were laid to Catch you in — I
know your easie Nature wou'd sooner have distrusted my
Friendship then your own danger and Thoughtlessly here
run upon't:

Per. It carries reason too, how shall I determine? yet
weighing all, I fear my Cousin is a Villain — as for the
other he has already as great a Power to injure me, as by
what I intend I shall give him:---that resolves me. [*Aside.*
--- Pardon me Sir, if the Relation of a thing so Entirely
surprizing admits of some doubt — yet so much of my
Fortune I will put upon't, as to return my self for Satisfac-
tion, 'tis therefore otherwise in your Power to betray
me — but if you please to add your } *Goes the Scene, and*
Care to this Lady till I return, I shall } *brings in Jess.*
not be backward in acknowledgements of so much gratitude.

Wife. Nay Sir—if you suspect 'tis but a Trick to get you
back.

Vill. D'ye

Vill. D'ye mark that, wou'd you were off I say. [*Aside.*

Jess. Will you leave me then *Peregrine*?

Per. But for a while my Dear——

Jess. Oh! take him too——I will run all hazards with you.

Vill. By no means,---let him be satisfy'd of all that's past
——which I'll instruct him how, without his danger, whilst
you are absent.

Wife Come Madam you shall be my Care, if you can away
with the Scandal of an old Fellow's Company.

[*Exeunt all but Plotwell.*

Plotwell. I must observe his Motions, if we're discover'd
yet our Affairs are in danger.

Well——To me Your Dull Philosopher's an Ass;

'Tis Industry brings ev'ry thing to pass.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Wisehead and Jessinda.

Wife. **A**S the safest place Madam, I'll conduct you to
my House, and while I leave you with my
Daughter, I'll go and inform my self of their real De-
signs.

Jess. The Evening's Pleasant Sir, and if you please I'll
take this walk till your return; it better suits my Solitary
thoughts

thoughts than Company — I find *Violetta's* Absence is unknown to him, I must avoid discovering her.

Wife. Your Father's my Friend, some Influence I've had, I'll try it now. [Aside.]

Enter Trustwell hastily; starts to see his Master.

How now Sirrah, whither are you going? — by the Rogues disorder, something shou'd be the Matter.

Trust. Defend me! my Master, what shall I say?

Wife. Why don't you know me Sir, hay?

Trust. Some Lye must help me out: Know you? yes Sir, but I have run my self out of Breath---Oh Sir I am so glad I have found you ---- There's the fine Gentleman out of *Buckingham-shire*, that's to Marry my young Lady.

Wife. How? Sir *Columbus Addle-head*?

Trust. He's just now lighted Sir, with two or three Footmen; I was running the Town thro' to find you.

Wife. Sir *Columbus*! I must go wait on him — Your Pardon Madam, my Servant shall attend you — Sirrah, stay you and wait on that Lady, and at her Pleasure attend her home to my House — Your Servant Madam Sir *Columbus* come——

Jeff. This has some Mystery in't, I'll examine the fellow as I walk. [Exit.]

Trust.

Trust. I attend her home ? 'sbud I'll go forty mile another way first. *[As Jeff. and Trust. are going off at the upper part of the Stage, Plotwell appears.]*

Plot. Hilt, hilt : *Trustwell, Trustwell.* *(Trust. returns)*

Trust. Mr. *Plotwell!* is it you ! I'm glad I've lit on you : Just as I was coming to you, I met my Master ; and had not the Devil help'd me out with a Lie, I had spoil'd all.

Plot. Hearnk you ; can you tell the same Lye again, d'ye think ?

Trust. Why, I told him that the Great *Buckinghamshire* Knight, *Sir Columbus Addlehead*, was come, the same he design'd shou'd marry my young Lady ; and away he went home as fast as he cou'd trudge.

Plot. That was a little unseasonable : But see he comes down this walk ; Retire a little ; something must be done. *(Exit Trustwell)* *Sir Columbus !* Let me see, can I make nothing of that ? I have not time to think. *(As Wise-*

head crosses the Stage, Plotwell runs against him and beats him down.)

Wife. How now ? Zooks, you damn'd ! Rogue, you've broke my Cane.

Plot. Wou'd 't had been your Neck ; then my Business had been done as well as yours. *(aside.)*

Wife. Oh Rogue ! is it you, Sirrah ?

Plot. Ah, dear Sir, forget old grudges : and if you wou'd preserve your Name for charitable Actions, help me to prevent the greatest Mischief in the World.

Wife. Ha ! What Mischief ?

Plot. Oh, Sir ! My Master—

Wife. Zooks, you Dog ; wou'd he were hang'd.

Plot. True, Sir : But to have two such Gentlemen thrown away at once, two such fine Gentlemen as *Sir Columbus* and my Master.

G

Wife. Hey

Wife. Hey ! What says he ?

Plot. Just now happen'd the strangest Encounter between 'em : My Master taking his usual Walks under your Daughters Window, was spy'd by Sir *Columbus* ; who (being just lighted and told it was his Rival) he flies out in a most Heroick manner, and confronts him ; upon which they both drew and fought ; and nothing but Murther had ensu'd, had not I for the present prevented it.

Wife. And what's become of 'em, Sirrah ; ha ! what's become of 'em ?

Plot. Parted for the present, Sir ; but I fear to meet again with greater fury : Therefore, Sir, if you wou'd employ your charitable search with me to find 'em out, we might prevent this bloody Quarrel.

Wife. Which way went they ? Speak ; quickly, Sirrah.

Plot. This ways I follow'd my Master, Sir ; and as I guess, his Rival took the other way toward *Chelsea* : with the least speed, your Worship may meet Sir *Columbus* coming up the Wall.

Wife. Zoons ! you Dog, I don't know him if I see him.

Plot. O ! Sir, I'll give you the easiest Marks in the World to know him by : He is, Sir, reasonably tall, with a most Heroick Gate and Air ; then for his Dress, Sir, he has on your Sumptuous Pantaloons, after the old *Italian* manner, a most Magnificent embroider'd blue Suit ; and in his Hat, a spreading Plume of Bright Carnation Feathers.

Wife. What a Son-in-Law shall I have ? (*aside.*) If there perish one Hair of his Head, I'll have the Rogue hang'd for't. Go, Sirrah, make hast, I'll call at the Guard and take an Officer with me : O, sweet Sir *Columbus* ! (*Exit.*

Plot. So ; I find if it were not for my extraordinary diligence, my Master's Affairs wou'd soon be unravell'd : I must now find him out (*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Larroone, drest very fine.

Toll, toll, toll, (*Singing*) Garzoon, I am very merry.
De light Heart, and de heavy Purse. (*Gingling his pockets.*)
Here be de pretty Mistress, and the Bottle in abundance.
(*Jessinda crosses above.*) Ah, be you there, begar, you
little leering Rogue, I'll be for you presant : along, toll toll.

Enter Peregrine, Villmore.

Vill. Might I advise, you shou'd not tempt the danger further. You see he's gone in search of you himself, and with a Guard of Servants. What he can mean (allowing of my Friendship,) methinks you shou'd not doubt : Nay your own Love shou'd guide you to't.

Pere. I love, but need not make the danger greater than it is : besides, I've time to consider after a Denial.

Vill. True : nor do I counsel further than to provide against the worst ; at least they can't regret what they have once comply'd with.

Per. Yet People love a generous way of giving, and not to have the Pride anticipated ; which once reveal'd, is still a Crime, though the Grant pardon it.

Vill. He's obstinate ; and all my Villany will be discover'd : I've but one way left to hide it ; the place is private. (*Aside.*)

(*Jessinda within.*)

Help ! help !

Per Ha ! a Woman's Voice.

Vill. This opportunity fits me ; the occasion too, whatever it is, may give a colour to't. Mischief direct it.

(*Vill. stabs at Per. Per. turning suddenly, wounds Villm.*)

Curse o'the pointless Weapon, I've struck too short.

Per. Ha ! Now Horror and Amazement give me room to think.

Vill. I have paid a Debt to all my vain attempts, yet I have one means left to express my Malice in, my Death. (*falls.*) Dye to all Knowledge of thy self, the World knows it not.

Per. I thank thee to conceal it what e're it be ; for at once I've astonishment enough to sink me with thee. My Hands embred in Blood, and by a means so strange, I want ev'n Reason to guide me thro' this Maze : The little I have left affords me this, thou wert a Villain ; and so far. —

(*Jessinda, within.*)

Help, Help !

Per. The same Voice again ! Methinks I shou'd know it.

Enter Jessinda, pursu'd by Larroone.

Jess. Out, Villain ; would I cou'd spit a Leprosie upon thee.

Per. Ha ! my *Jessinda* !

Jess. My *Peregrine* ! O take me in thy Arms ; I shall sink else.

Lar. Pardonne moy Monsieur, begar me mean nothing but a little Gallantry.

Per. More Wonder ! how cam'st thou here, my Dear, and with that Frenchman ?

Jess. As

Jeff. As soon as my Fears will give me leave, I'll tell thee, Oh ! my Heart !

Per. Monsieur, stir not ; I have employment for you may win your Pardon.

Lar. Ah ! vid all mine Heart, Monsieur : Jernie, vat she squeak for ?

Jeff. What frightful Object's this ? Ha ! your Cousin wounded or dead ? what Hand has done it ?

Per. This : Justice made This her Instrument. He was a Villain to me, and betray'd me to all those Dangers I o'recame. And lastly ; his design to murder me, had not Providence (I know not how) prevented it.

Jeff. Alas ! why standst thou here then ? Oh ! do not play away thy safety : For tho' thou art guiltless, the Law has many dangers.

Per. If I fly, and so provide against it, will you consent to share my Fortune with me ?

Jeff. Thou shou'd'st not ask me that.

Per. Thy Love has determin'd me ; tho' by my flight I draw a guilty Name upon my Head. In the mean time, Monsieur, your Imposition to watch this Corps ; and give to Passengers what Answer you have Wit or Language for. Come, my Dear.

*Thro' all the strefs of Fortune let us prove,
There's yet the surest Happiness in Love.*

(Exeunt Per. Jeff.)

Lar. Me be ver glad you be gone ; begar me no stay long vid de dead Man. If de live Jentleuman lye so ; Garzoon, 'twill be no Sin tho' to see vat you have in your Pocket.

(As he searches his Pockets, Villmore stirs.)

Vill. Oh !

Lar. Vat

Lar. Vat be you no dead ? begar but me fall make you dead, rader dan go vidout your Money.

Vill. What woud'st thou, Villain ? (*He offers to take Vill-
more's Sword, Vill. rises.*)

'Tis time to leave off Counterfieting. I am wounded, but I hope not Mortally ; I have no feeling of those Accidents are Death's fore-runners : Wou'd I had a Surgeon. If I survive, I'll convert this mischief (by his flight) to all my ends. Sir, you can witness for me, how and by whom I receiv'd this Wound ; although you know him not, make a Description.

Lar. Pardonne me, Monsieur, me no see him do it.

Vill. You must dispense with scruple. If you will serve me, I can and will be grateful.

Enter Sir Thomas, with Servants.

Sir Tho. No Tidings of him : I now begin to blame my self.

Vill. My Uncle ! Now Invention assist me. (*Aside.*
Help ! a Surgeon——

Sir Tho. How now ? I should know that Voice.

1st Serv. Here, Sir, a Gentleman wounded.

2d Serv. 'Tis Mr. *Villmore*, Sir.

Sir Tho. My Kinsman ! by what mischance ? Lay hold of that Gentleman.

Lar. Me no do it, Monsieur, there be de Jentleman in Black, and de young Lady.

Sir Tho. What Gentleman in black ? *Peregrine* ?

Vill. My Cousin, Sir : Alas ! there's so much goodness in him, I must not think he could be tempted to wear such guilt about him. I feel a pain in speaking. Pray have me to a Surgeon : That Gentleman shall give you satisfaction ere you release him.

Sir Tho.

Sir *Tho.* Here, carry him Home ; but gently on your Lives. Step one and call a Surgeon. Monsieur you must with us.

Lar. Now me fall be discover and hang for de Teife. Plague o' de Vénch. (*Exeunt with Villmore.*)

Sir *Tho.* I doubt *Peregrine*, (mistrusting his Friendship in persuading him home) has done this. I am impatient till I learn the Truth. (*Exit.*)

Enter Wisehead ; two Soldiers.

Wife. How ! a strange Gentleman wounded !

1st *Sol.* Yes, Sir, and this Minute carry'd by the Park-Wall to one Sir *Thomas Freegood's* House.

Wife. Oh that Rogue ! I'll have him gibbeted. Had he a Carnation Feather in his Hat ?

1st *Sol.* I did not observe that ; but the Gentleman was in Blue.

Wife. 'Tis the same. Oh my Spleen ! I shall burst. Here, Gentlemen, here's something for your Trouble ; another time I'll be more grateful. Oh dear Sir *Columbus* !

1st *Sol.* We thank you, Sir : If you've any farther Service for us, you may command us.

Wife. Service ! Hark ye, Gentlemen, can't ye cut this Rogue *Farewell's* Throat for me ?

1st *Sol.* Yes, Sir, as soon as any Men, had we an Opportunity.

Wife. And be trusty ?

1st *Sol.* Doubt it not, Sir, we've Souls of Steel under these honourable Tatters.

Wife. Ye say well, Gentlemen ; ye speak like Men that deserve the Queen's Cloath. How now ?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Whither are you going, Friend ?

Serv. For a Surgeon, Sir, in all haste.

Wife. How does the wounded Gentleman, hay ? how fares he ? Is there great danger ?

Serv. Yes, yes, Sir, danger enough ; 'tis not above an inch off his Heart.

Wife. Not above an Inch of Sir *Collumbus's* Heart ! d'ye hear, Gentlemen ? Oh, sweet Sir *Columbus* !

Serv. *Columbus*, Sir ! why the Gentleman that's wounded is ———

Wife. Why I know he is, Sirrah, Sir *Columbus Addlehead*, the antient *Addleheads in Comitatus Buckinghamshire* ; a very great Family.

Serv. Alas, Sir, you're mistaken,

Wife. Why, you impudent Dog, D'ye give me the Lye ; hay ? I say, sirrah, the *Addleheads* is one of the greatest Families in the Kingdom.

Serv. It may be so, Sir ; but ———

Wife. Zooks ye Dog ; will you contradict me again ? ha ?

Serv. Good Sir, don't be angry.

Wife. But I am angry, Sirrah, and very angry. Why, you Dog, am not I a Magistrate ? and may lawfully be angry without Authority.

Serv. If you will have it Sir *Columbus*, why let it be Sir *Columbus* ; what a pox care I ? *(Exit)*

Wife. Not above an Inch off his Heart ; Oh damn'd Rogue, I'll have his Throat cut presently. Gentlemen your assistance will be necessary : He's a desperate Fellow.

1st Sol. We'll serve you, Sir, let him be as desperate as he will.

Wife. Come

Wife. Come along then, Gentlemen : I'll reward your pains. *(Exeunt)*

SCENE Changes.

Enter Farewell, Viletta, Plotwell.

Vil. Well, you've brought me to your Lodging ; pray what do you design to do with me ? Am not I a bold Maid to venture hither ?

Fare. Faith, dear *Viletta*, I'm afraid we shall be put to the necessity of lying both in one Bed to Night.

Vil. A pretty Argument to imply a Maids Consent.

Fare. Oh, we must suppose that granted. Yet faith I'll deal fairly with you too ; I'll stake my Love, and the Necessity, against the best Reason you can urge to the contrary, and leave the matter to *Plotwell* here.

Vil. Who will be sure to say as you do, no doubt.

Plot. No faith, Madam ; I'm more a Man of Honour, than not to consider your Interest as well as my Masters : But it can't be otherwise Madam. In the first place considering the great Difficulty to obtain your Liberty and the unlucky disappointment we have met with : Secondly, the great Danger we have escap't already : Thirdly, the great Danger that still threat'ns us : and Lastly, the Danger of never seeing one another again, if you are discovered before you've made use of this Opportunity.

Fare. Look you there.

Vil. Very learnedly summ'd up indeed. Well, Sir, I shall consider nothing, but my Honour, before my Love ; and so far you have my consent

H

Fare. Let

Fare. Let me take it warm from thy Lips, that it may print the dear Remembrance in my Heart. There's an honest Black-coat lodges in the House here; my small Acquaintance with him gives me the greater confidence to put the Business into his Hands. (*a Noise within*) How now, what noise is that?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Oh, Sir! your Lodgings are beset; there's a Constable, with a Guard of Soldiers to look for you,

Fare. Ha! I fear we're discover'd. For me! are you sure?

Mess. Yes, Sir, they enquire for you: There's an old Gentleman with 'em, a Justice of Peace, I think.

Vil. My Father! Then we are betray'd.

Mess. They talk, Sir, as if you had wounded some Gentleman.

Fare. 'Sdeath! some mistake.

(*Exit Mess.*)

Plot. Wounded a Gentleman! Pox on't, 'tis an unlucky mistake at present; and the more in that it has taken us wholly unprepar'd. However, Sir, if we can but keep her undiscover'd, we shall have time to know what to make of this Business.

Fare. Were she safe, let Fortune deal with me as it would. O, *Viletta*!

Plot. Madam, clap on your Mask, and step into the Closet: I have some reason to guess their design is not to find you here: The rest we shall get thro' well enough. here, Madam, this way.

Vil. Oh, Farewell!

(*Exit Plot. Viletta.*)

Fare. It must be so; there's an unhappy Influence in the Stars that guide us.

(*Plot. Returns*
Enter

Enter Constable.

Conf. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant : Is your Name Farewell ?

Fare. Yes Sir, it is.

Conf. By your leave, Sir, you are my Pris'ner.

Fare. Your Prisoner, Sir, on what Account ?

Conf. You need not give your self the trouble of asking Questions, Sir, you'll know that presently.

Enter Wisehead, four Soldiers.

Wise. Come along, Gentlemen.

Conf. Here, an't please your Worship, I've secur'd the Gentleman.

Wise. Ay, ay, that's him, Mr Constable secure that other Rogue too ; I can't tell but he may be accessory.

Fare. Accessary ! to what, Sir : Let me know what I'm accus'd of.

Wise. Ah, harmless Dog : You don't know, I'll warrant ye then !

Fare. Not I, upon my Honour, Sir.

Wise. Your Honour ! You dog ! I shall see you hang'd. Was ever such Impudence ? What, you know nothing at all of having dangerously wounded a Gentleman ?

Plot. Mum, Sir.

(To Fare)

Wise. Here, Mr Constable, search his Lodgings well, and see if you can find any thing that may become Evidence of the Fact. Your Honour, with a Pox.

(Exit Const.)

Fare. I hope you'll use me like a Gentleman Sir.

Wise. Yes, Yes, Sirrah, you shall be us'd like a Gentleman, for my Daughters sake. Why, do but enter your Claim to the Title, and no doubt but your old Friend

Tyburn will stand by you : 'Tis in your Face, *Sirrah* ; I see it there.

Re-enter Constable with Viletta.

Const. I can find nothing, Sir, but here's a Gentlewoman squeez'd into the Closet.

Wife. Ay here's one of the 'Scutcheons of the Rogue's Gentility ! Oh ! sad Dog ; a Whore in his closet.

Const. Shall we see her Face, Sir, that we may know her again if we should meet her in our walks !

Fare. I hope you're not commissioned to affront any one here. That Lady is my Relation.

Wife. Oh ! no doubt on't Sir, hid in your Closet. Hark you ; are not you a confounded Impudent debauch'd fellow, to live this wicked course of Life with your Whores, and pretend to court my Daughter ? Here, Soldiers, take this Slut away to the Guard ; and when yo've lain with her round, Purifie her in the Horse-pond, d'ye hear ? Away with her.

Sold. Come, Come, Come along Child.

Vil. Some Providence protect me.

(Exit two

Soldiers with Viletta.

Wife. For these two, Mr. *Constable*, let 'em be secur'd in the Gate-house till further Order ; in the mean time I'll go to Sir *Thomas's* and see how the Gentleman does. So, I shall hamper the Rogue now.

(Exit.

Const. Come, Sir, will you walk ?

Fare. Yes, Sir, any wither.

3d Sol. Hark you, *Jack* ; this Gentleman's our Colonel's Friend ; I know him now.

4th Sol. The Colonel's Friend ! hum ; say no more.

Exeunt.

A C T.

A C T V.

SCENE the Park.

Enter two Soldiers with Viletta.

1st Sol. **C**OME along, Child : Prithee don't be ashamed of us ; we are Men of Honour, Mun,

Vil. Pray, Gentlemen ; upon my Word I am not what ye think me.

1st Sol. Think thee ! why, I think thee a good natur'd discreet, wholesome Harlot. Look you, be civil to us two, and we'll defend you from the rest ; for if we carry you to the Guards, you must lye with the whole Battallion before you get off.

2d Sol. Pox, come along, Child, and make no more words ; we'll use you kindly.

Vil. Hold, Gentlemen, I beseech ye hold.

1st Sol. You may expose your self by squawling if you will, but 'twill do you no good ; therefore come along.

Vil. What shall I say ? Stay, Gentlemen ; d'ye know Colonel Farewell ?

1st Sol. Yes, yes, very well.

Vil.

Vil. That Gentleman ye took from is his near Relation ;
Your Colonel shall thank ye.

1st Sol. Farewell ! Hark you, *Ned*, I believe we're in the
wrong all this time ; this is no Harlot.

2d Sol. I'm afraid so too ; that Gentleman's name was
Farewell.

1st Sol. Gad I'll Fare-so-well, I'll have no more to do
in't.

Vil. In the mean time, there's what I have about me ;
if ye are civil you shall be further gratified.

1st Sol. Your humble Servant, Madam ; I hope you'll
pardon us. Can we do you any Service, Madam ?

Vil. Only to leave me.

1st Sol. We'll make bold to drink your Health. Come
along, *Ned*. (*Exeunt*.)

Vil. So, I have escapt one danger, but e'ry step I go may
bring another. I know not which way to take : If I go
home, adieu Love and Farewell for ever ; nor can I tell
whither they've convey'd him. I'll cross the Park to *Billai-
ria's* Lodging ; there I may get an Opportunity to hear
from him. (*Exit*.)

Enter two Servants.

1st Serv. A Plague on his light French Heels, which
way did he escape ?

1st Serv. Nay, I don't know ; I lockt him in the Coach-
man's Chamber, and the D——I has carried him away, I
think.

2d Serv. Hark you, whip back, and see if he is not
crept thro' the Hay-loft into the Stable ; your Frenchmen
love beastly Company sometimes. (*Exit 2d Servant*.)
Was ever House turn'd Topsy-turvy as ours has been to-
day ? In the Morning nothing but Mirth and good Fellow-
ship

ship, and now we're all Hurry, Noise, and Confusion. My poor Master lays it to Heart too, his Kinsman's being hurt. Well, whoever had said there would have been any Wounds in our Family, but what the Bride had receiv'd at Night, I durst have told 'em—— But here's the Learned Surgeon that talks nothing but *Latin*, either because he would not be understood, or not contradicted.

Enter Probe.

Prob. I am directed to one Sir Thomas Freegood's ——— I think you are his Servant, Sir.

1st Serv. I guess your Business : You are a Surgeon.

Probe A simple one, Friend ; that is, I mean, one that uses no Compounds ; or, as I may say, one whose Practise is Rational as well as Emperical.

1st Serv. You have satisfied me very well, Sir, more than I understand by half : If you please, Sir, I'll show you the Gentleman. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Larroone.

Lar. Garzoon, me have leap out o' de Window to save a me Neck ; Jernie, dey hang a de Fransh Gentleman else : Me no love to be hang ; it no agree vid me Capacity.

Enter Constable with Viletta, mask'd.

Const. Come, come, come along, Huzzy ; have I catcht you again ? I'll secure you, however.

Lar. Hoy ! vat I see ? de Lady in Distress ! me play a de Knight-Errant an release her ; she love a me ver well for dat.

Const.

Const. I'll shew you the inside of *Bridewell*, I will so ; there's to many of you haunt hereabout ; besides, *Huzzy*, I'll make you confess.

Lar. For vat you say, *Monfieur*, vat you do vid de Lady ? ha ?

Vil. What shall I do ? if I discover my self. — Oh, Sir, as you're a Gentleman, shelter an injur'd Woman.

Lar. Jentleman ! Yes, Begar, me Honour no let me see de Lady abuse. Me cut two tree Place in his Scull for affront a de Lady. Come hither Shild, come hither ; let a me feel you pretty Bubbies ; for vat you do vid dis Man ?

Vil. Good, Sir, don't sport with my Misfortunes : If you can assist me, I wou'd return the Favour.

Lar. Return a de Favour ! She talk like de ver civil Jenteluman. Yes, begar, me vil assist a you. Hearnk a you *Monfieur*, for vat you meddle vid de Lady ? For vat, I say ?

Conf. because she's a lewd Woman, Sir ; besides. —

Lar. Beside ! Garzoon me cut off your Nose, your Head, for dishonour de Lady ; she is de ver civil Lady, and me Relation.

Conf. So, she's his Relation too ; a Plague of these Whores, they're related to every Body, I think.

Lar. Go, get a you gone, before me Blood rise, and me correct a your Insolence.

Conf. Take care what you do, Sir, I'm a Man in Authority.

Lar. Authority ! jernie, me no care a de Rush for de Authority.

Conf. No, Sir.

Vil. A Quarel ! Fortune lend me this Opportunity to escape.

(Exit

Lar. No,

Lar. No, Sir; Jernie, me rip up a your Heart, an sacrifice it at de Lady's Feet.

Const. A desperate French Dog. No matter, Sir, I shall meet with her another time, and you too, may be.

Lar. Garzoon, me give a you de cut o're de Pate, if a you talk saucy to de Jentelman.

Const. I shall know you again, Sir.

Lar. Know a me! Get a you gone, or me rip your Gut.

(Draws and drives the Constable off.)
Saucy Rogue! affront a de Jentleman. Ha! vat is she gone? Me have play'd de Knight-Errant to de ver fine purpose den: But me sall no lose her so; begar me sall make a de return a de Favour. Garzoon! jilt a de Fransch Jentleman. *(Exit.)*

Re-enter Violetta.

Vil. I'm follow'd still; what shall I do? Was ever Love so unfortunate? I'm even wearied out of hopes, and will e'en go home again; where (if my absence has not been discover'd) at least we are but where we were; tho' I fearfully presage the Omen is not good, after so many Dangers to be so unfortunately divided.

*So Two poor Vessels toss'd upon the Main,
Part in a Storm, and never meet again.*

(As she's going off, Farewell meets her.)

Fare. My dear Violetta!

Vil. Farewell! is it you? Oh! my Heart!

Fare. Ha! What's the matter? Why dost thou tremble so?

I

Vil.

Vil. Oh ! Ask me not ; 'tis for Joy to see thee : How art thou escap'd ?

Fare. By the Mercy of honest Soldiers that went to guard me. My next care was thy safety. I have sent *Plotwell* to undertake a Business for us.

Vil. Sure (if there's not a Malice in our Fate) this meeting will be happy. What shall we do ?

Fare. I have not time to tell thee, least we lose the opportunity. You dare trust your Fortue now to my Disposal.

Vil. Tho' I never shou'd return again. These fatal accidents have dearly taught me how to prize my Liberty.

Fare. Come then, my dear, we shall find some little corner of the World to hold us, let Fortune do its worst.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE Changes.

Enter Sir Tho. Freegood, Meanwell;

Sir. Tho. You are welcom, Sir; your seasonable coming may be of some use.

Mean. Else my pains are fruitless. Having taken advice, *Sir Thomas* I come to ask a Daughter from you.

Sir. Tho. I from you must have a wounded Reputation cur'd : It bleeds worse than my poor Knifman, whom your Son (as I suppose he is by this time) by Circumstance is suspected to have wounded.

Mean. My Son, Sir. I've heard the little Arts and Tricks you us'd to catch me ; and so you have, Sir. I did not look for it from you. However, my Estate's my own, tho' my Daughter's lost.

Sir. Tho. And

Sir. Tho. And pray keep it, Sir. But as to what concerns you now, if you can give answer to it, do; and let not Passion Kindle a new Flame. I am cool, and now would argue calmly.

Mean. I acknowledge, I hear your Nephew's wounded; and (there's a supposition) by my Daughter's Lover; but how far that concerns me, be your self the Judge, who have suffer'd in my Fame too much already to have more added by suspicion of countenancing so base an Act: Besides, I hear you'd made that Son your Heir.

Sir. Tho. I do confess my Love had done it. Nor did it want the Form of Law for Confirmation: But 'twas when I was too partial in my Affection: I now resolve to satisfy that Errour with severer Justice.

Mean. You will revoke the Deed? I shall proportion my affection accordingly.

Sir. Tho. Hands stain'd with Blood shall ne're make a Distribution of my Estate: A Murderer! For tho' my Kinsman dye not, his design was such.

Mean. But, Sir, suppose your Kinsman practis'd some Villany on him: There's Circumstance to make it probable, might I be witness to his Examination: The Truth as much concerns me as any Man.

Sir. Tho. If he may endure Discourse without his Danger.

Enter Wisehead.

Wise. Your Servant, your Servant, Sir Thomas: Why I have been in the greatest Errour in the World here: Your Servants tell me, 'tis your Kinsman that's wounded.

Sir Tho. They tell you true, Sir; and your presence will be very necessary at the Examination of this Matter.

Wife. Why then, I am yet to doubt whether Sir *Columbus* be come or no. However I'm glad of the mistake; for I'll keep the Rogue in hold now I have him, till I've dispatcht my Daughter into the Country. There's Policy for you.

Sir Tho. Come, Gentlemen; by this time I believe the Surgeon has done. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE Draws and discovers Villmore in a Chair; Probe dressing his Wound.

Probe. Alas, you must have Patience, Sir.

Vill. I think I have had — Prithee make haste.

Probe. Fear not my Practice, Sir: 'Tis according to the allowable Rules.

Vill. Have you done?

Probe. I'll apply but one *Emplastrum Consolidans* more: I think that's a Term of Art.

Enter Sir Tho. Mean. and Wisehead.

Vill. Ha! they're here: I like it not.

Sir Tho. Well, Sir, I hope the worst is past.

Probe You may err, Sir; he has a dangerous Wound: And where there is *Continuatis Divortium*, we must consider whether it came *per Contusionem punctiōem*; or how: and whether a Nerve, Tendon, Ligament, or Artery, be in Danger: The part too, whether it be in *Principalibus vel minus Principalibus*; then the Adjuncts, whether there be *Fractura* or *Dislocatio*; for these make it *vulnus Compositum*: Then the Accidents, whether there's *Inflammatio Echymosis*.
or—

Wife.

Wife. Pray, Sir, what is that?

Probe. That is, Sir, *Copiosæ Sanguinis inter Cutem Diffusio*, which many times causeth a dangerous Aposteuma. Perhaps you think I have apply'd some Mountebank Medicine, which will cure, *secundam primam Intentionem*.

Mean. Pray what may that be, Sir.

Probe. That is, Sir, *sine suppuratione vel Cicatrice*. VVe that work according to Art, begin with *Alteratione substantiæ in pus*; for *Ex corruptione Unius fit Generatio alterius*. And then——

Sir. Tho. You have said enough, Sir: Pray let me speak to my Kinsman.

Wife. Pox this fellow talks *Latin*, because he wou'd not be understood I believe. Hark you, Fellow, with your *Corruptione* and you, Is he like to recover?

Probe. I come not to be jeer'd, Sir,

Sir Tho. To be rewarded, Sir; accept of this.

Prob. I thank you Sir: This is more than my Practice wou'd have deserv'd: For, to say Truth, tho' I can out-face it with talking, tho' I am neither Parson nor Vicar, my cures serve to maintain Sexton's: I take my leave, Sir.

(Exit.)

Enter 2d Servant.

Sir Tho. How now; where's the Monsieur?

Serv. Gone, Sir: I went to look in the Coachmans Chamber where we lock't him in, and found the Casement off the Hinges: He's flown out at the Window.

Wil. Escap't! 'Twas lucky: That shall be useful.

Sir Tho. Sure he is guilty of the Fact; why shou'd he fly else? Being past Danger, Cousin, we wou'd gladly be satisfied who 'twas that did this Mischief. You have hitherto seem'd unwilling he shou'd be discover'd: If
twere

t'were *Peregrine* all Diligence shall be employ'd to find him, that he may pay Law her Due, his flight makes it suspicious.

Vil. Good, Sir, forbear that Trouble : If he's fled, 'tis a discreet Policy to shun the Danger her Fathers Anger might bring on him : 'Twas the Frenchman wounded me.

Sir Tho. On what occasion ?

Vil. None, Sir, that I know : I provok'd him not ; unless he meant to rob me.

Mean. Will you, Sir, justify this on Oath ?

Vil. Were their necessity ; 'tis otherwise sufficient I have said it.

Mean. Bring in the Monsieur.

Sir Tho. How, Sir ! Is he taken ?

Mean. Yes, Sir, I met him ; and for some reason, you shall know anon, brought him back with me.

Vil. I am still discovered.

(Aside)

Enter Larroone.

Mean. 'Tis needful, Sir, this Man shou'd be committed, that being accus'd, he may be soon produc'd upon occasion.

Lare. Me no kill de Man. Me offer to kiss de Jentelman ; and de young Jentelman had kill'd me, begar ; but dat me beg pardon.

Vil. I have lighted upon it ; to you all I do submit myself, and confess what I shall discover may seem not to merit a belief, that have already feigned so many falsties ; but the necessity of 'em consider'd, I hope you'll credit this. It was my Cousin *Peregrine* that wounded me, but I know not whether by design or chance ; for this Gentleman attempting a Rape upon your Daughter, Sir, I drew

a pointless weapon I had got : My Cousin's sudden apprehension perhaps made him suspect me : And not knowing I meant a Rescue of the Lady (whose Voice I heard, but could not then discern her, made his rash Hand wound me ; which, for his sake, I joy is not prov'd mortal ; nor will, I hope.

Mean. I do believe all this ; but why shou'd you accuse another then ?

Vill. I did presume this Man (unknown to any here) was fled, nor wou'd return to take the Punishment ; and being a stranger, was not capable of the dishonour. Now my concealing who the Author was, neither his Danger nor Disgrace wou'd follow.

Sir Tho. Nephew ; I admire thy Love to him, that so ill deserves it ; and I now consider what an Injustice my Election was : henceforth thou art my Heir : I will employ a numerous search to find him that he may be punish'd for the fact.

Enter Servant, Whispers Meanwell.

Mean. Are they come ? 'tis well.

Vill. By no means, Sir : Call him not back ; my Wound may yet have danger, and if he shou'd return to pay his Life for mine, that's so unworthy.

Mean. But he shall, Sir, to make you give the Law a satisfaction for all your Villainies. Come near my Son ; for so he is, Sir.

Enter Peregrine, Jessinda.

Pere. Humbly thus I beg your Pardon, Sir. (*Kneels*

Sir. Tho. Pray ask your Father Blessing ; yo've got one now.

Mean.

Mean. He has, Sir, and shall keep him : His fair desert won my Conversion, and chang'd me from intents of punishing, to an indulgent Favourer. This has been a Villain to his Life, and to his Fortune ; whetted by Envy to such practices as merit death when ye shall hear the Passages. A Man that's guilty wou'd fly for safety : Instead of which, *Peregrine* repair'd to me ; then labouring with Revenge ; first offers Restitution of my Daughter ; then passing on from Declaration to Declaration, he satisfied my Anger, and gave peace to my Passions : Nor was I patient to defer their Joys (which likewise are my own) but got 'em married before we came to you : where by the way we met this Monsieur, and forc't him back ; whom straight his fears betray'd to a discovery of what he was ; no Gentleman, but *Larroone* the Cook.

Serv. We want Plate, Monsieur.

Lar. Now me sal be hang agen.

Mean. Now he's mine, Sir, I'll own him ; or the rather if you will disclaim all Interest in him ; for your Nephew, some wise and powerful Authority must force the truth from him.

Vill. 'Tis not in all my stock of cunning now to hold out longer. (aside)

Sir Tho. Cousin ; your looks are strange, and seem as if they wou'd betray your thoughts. If you have guilt, let it not press your Conscience with a Weight will sink it into Horrour.

Vill. I have much, Sir ; nor will there need another Testimony for Confirmation of what I shall utter. He that with shame publishes his own dishonour, speaks from the Records of Truth.

Sir Tho. What may this Preface mean ?

Vill. You had a Son, whose birth deprived his Mother of Life ; and what bestow'd a Joy upon you, robb'd you of one.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Why d'ye renew a Grief time had worn out?
Indeed I had a Son.

Vill. And have him still: Enjoy him in *Peregrino*.

Pere. Was this the Knowledge of my self he spake of?
(*asid.*)

Sir Tho. I fear his Wound, and a Distraction.

Vill. Here me, Sir, and then you vwill have faith: The Child you did dispose of to be must by my Mother, I being then an Infant likevvise; she knowing by Law that I vvascapable of your Estate (your Heir being once remov'd) soon plot's to make the Child avway; attempts, but fainting in th' execution; left it in the Fields, a formal Burial strengthening the report that it vvas Dead. By Providence directed, you found and bred it up; and this is he. My dying Mother did reveal it to me with Tears of Penitence, and an Injunction I should discover it; which my Avarice and Envy wou'd not suffer me, but tempted my Soul to those black practises which novv cease vvith my shame and my Repentance.

Sir Tho. Joys have fill'd me to the danger of a Surfeit. Welcome to Life: I have a-nevv begot thee. How often have I vvish't in these Embraces, the thing I did embrace, but knew it not? Cousin, I hope your sorrow is not feign'd, that it may merit Pardon, and preserve me a Loving Uncle.

Pere. I forgive you, Cousin; you have at length in this Discovery given large satisfaction.

Enter Constable, Wippers Wifhead.

Vill. I'll remove all cause of after Jealousie.

Wife. How, escap'd?

Const. Yes, Sir; the Soldiers you brought to assist me, help'd to rescue him. I thought fit to come and acquaint your Worship.

R.

Wife.

Wife. Yes, if thou prov'st one of the 50 obedient Daughters, and cut'st his Throat the first Night: or if thou dost not, may he catch a killing Surfeit, and his Joys be as short as the Poetic of thy Wedding Ring. Am I then trick't at last?

Sir Tho. Come, Mr *Wifehead*, 'tis past, and you must now hear Reason.

Wife. I'll do nothing, be nothing, say nothing, do nothing, think nothing, but revenge. I'll out-curse twenty disobedient Children; rail worse than a disappointed Harlot; and out-live a *Covent-garden* Poet in Dog-days: I'll have him hang'd in his Matrimonial Bed-cords; and you, you vile liquorish young Baggage, have you set your hand to Mischief against your own Father? But I'll forget that ever I begot thee. This cursed Key too, that help't to deceive me, I'll have the Wards pounded to Steel-dust and swallow it in Rats bane.

Enter Servant.

Serv. I come to tell you, Sir, there's one of Sir *Columbo's* Men arriv'd, and says, his Master will be here to morrow.

Wife. How shall I look him in the Face! Here, Sirrah, take my Sword and kill me, stab me to the Heart, let me fall like *Cassius* at *Philippi* when the Day was lost.

Mean. Come, Sir, Moderate your Passion.

Wife. No, I will spend the remainder of my Life in weary Pilgrimage; forsake my Friends and Country; give what I have to charitable Uses, and leave him nothing but his Poverty, to support her Disobedience; and so farewell, you Dog. (Exit.)

Sir Tho. Come, Madam, 'tis but the Effects of an over-heated Passion: You shou'd have tim'd his Humour; which

which we had done, had not this accident set aside our Project. However, I have yet a hand upon him that shall bring him to himself; in the mean time you're welcome here; and were your Interest less than in that Gentleman (to whom I've been a careful Guardian) your Love would reclaim my tenderest Concern.

Fare. You may say I have made the Laws of Nature with me.

Sir Tho. And now, Sir, I have a welcome Secret: Not are you, as you imagine; I have yet reserv'd in my mind, to sum your careful Father charg'd me not to disclose till either Mariage or some great Necessity shou'd make it useful. This will part-redeem your Estate, and help to reconcile him, if this Lady's Youth and Beauty have Power to make you a better Husband for the future.

*Thus by some Turns of Providence we learn,
That Love is not the least of Heaven's Concern.*

FINIS

